what I wished of him. I answered that I wished him by way of identification to quote a, verse or two from one of his works.

Then the girl wrote in German the following:

" Ich hore rausehende Musik. Das Schloss 1st
Von Lichtern hell. Wer sind die Frohlichen? "

" Gay music strikes my ear. The castle is
Aglow with lights. Who are the revelers ? "

We were all struck with astonishment. The sound of the language was much like Schiller's. But none of us remembered for a moment in which of Schiller's works the lines might he found. At last it occurred to me that they might be in the last act of " Wallensteins Tod." The volume was brought out, and true enough there they were. I asked myself " can it be that this girl, who, although very bright, has never been given to much reading, should have read so serious a work as 'Wallenstein's Death,' and if she has, that those verses, which have meaning only in connection with what precedes and follows them, should have stuck in her memory?" I asked her when the seance was over, what she knew about the Wallenstein tragedy, and she, an entirely truthful child, answered that she had never read a line of it.

But something still stranger was in store for me. Schiller's spirit would say no more, and I called for the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. Several minutes had elapsed when the girl

wrote that Abraham Lincoln's spirit was present. I asked whether he knew for what purpose President Johnson had summoned me to Washington. The answer came: " He wants you to make an important journey for him." I asked where that journey would take me. Answer: "He will tell you to-morrow." I asked further whether I should undertake that journey. Answer: "Yes, do not fail." (I may add, by the